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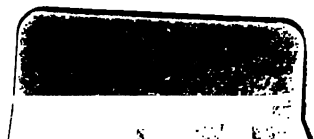
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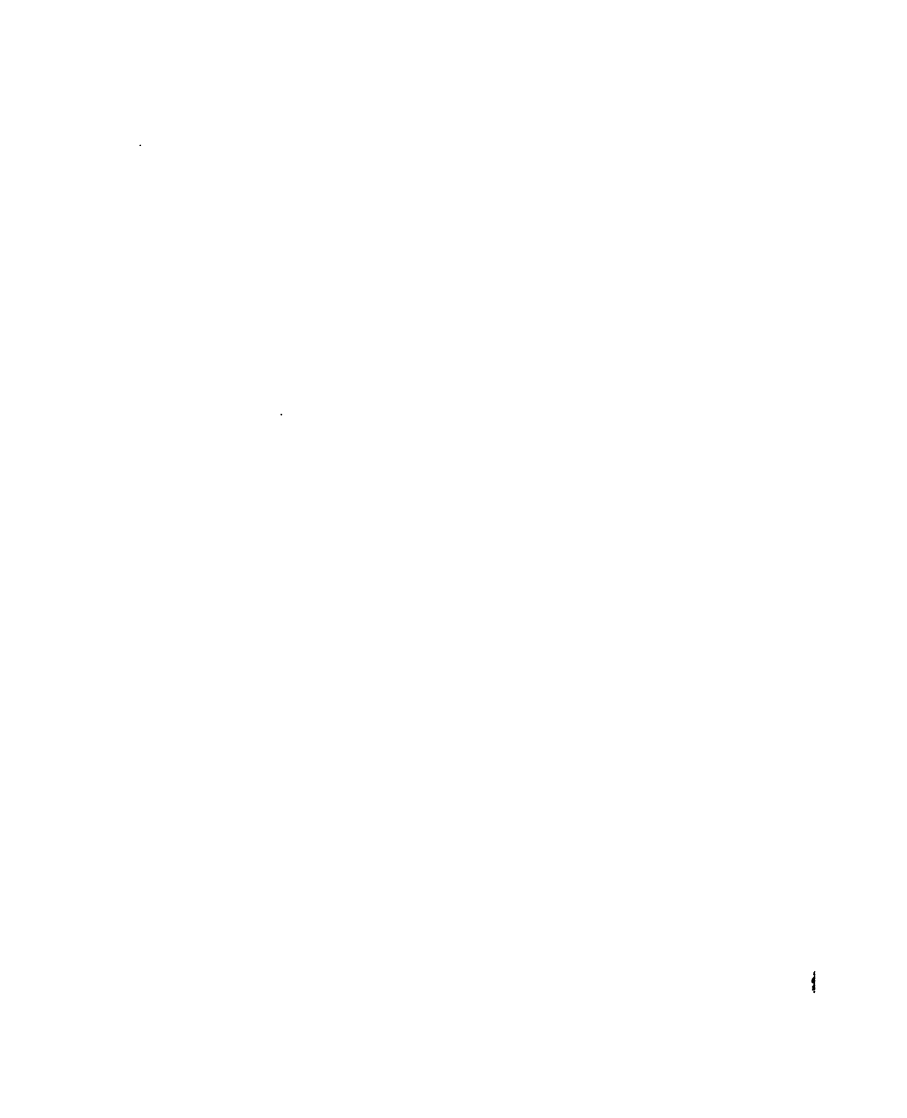
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A
PARTING GIFT

FOR

An Emigrant Friend.

H. Wooldridge

London:

HARRY WOOLDRIDGE,
ALDINE CHAMBERS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1854.



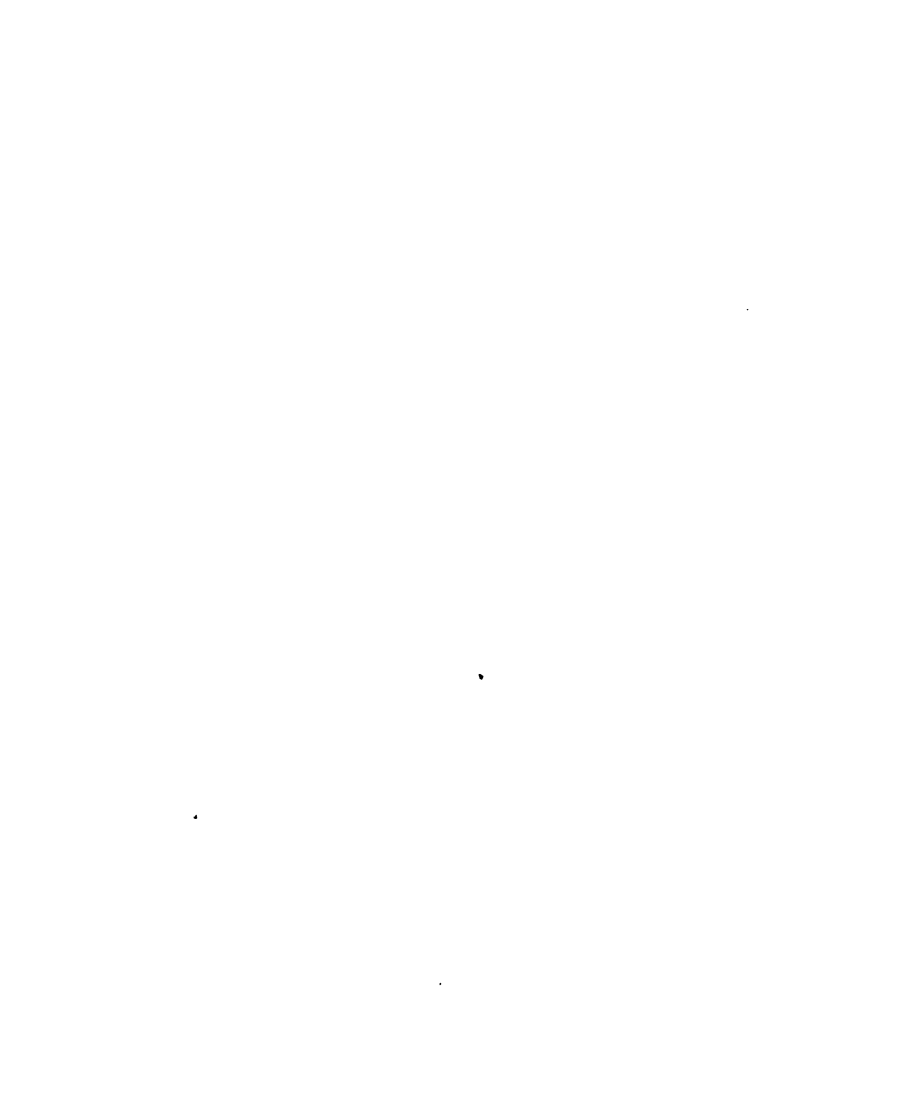
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THE following Hymns are, for the most part, reprinted from "The Emigrants' Magazine," for which they were expressly written.

In presenting them in this collected form the Editor feels assured they will prove a most acceptable parting gift to the Emigrant and other separating friends, and thus more extensively carry out the benevolent intentions of their various authors.



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HYMNS FOR EMIGRANTS.

I.

THE EMIGRANT'S PRAYER.

OH Jesu, Saviour, when we part,
Obedient to Thy will,
From friends and home with sinking heart,
Do Thou be near us still !

Exod. xxxiii. 14, 15.

Go with us, Lord ; our vessel guide
Across the pathless sea ;
And grant, whate'er we leave beside,
We never part from Thee.

Rom. viii. 38, 39.

Oh go with us! appoint our lot,
 And lead us on our way,—
 Companion in the loneliest spot,
 Light in the darkest day.

Isaiah xliii. 2.

Go with us, Lord ; our labours bless,
 Our “ basket and our store ; ”
 And o’er the distant wilderness
 The streams of mercy pour.

Deut. xxviii. 3—5.

If, clothed and fed and sheltered, there
 We rich abundance find ;
 Oh, let us not withhold a share
 From those we leave behind !

1 John iii. 17.

And grant, whene’er our wanderings cease,
 Where’er our home we raise,
 That home may be a home of peace—
 A home of prayer and praise.

Gen. xxviii. 20, 22.

J. L. W.

II.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

FARE thee well, dear isle of ocean!

All ye weeping friends, farewell!

Oh, who can the wild emotion

Of our parting sorrows tell?—

Yet One above will safely guide

Our passage through the swelling tide.

Psalm xlv. 2, 3.

Though we're called from home to sever,

And to tread a foreign land;

Though, dear father, we for ever

Lose thy kind and guiding hand—

Parent and guardian, staff and stay,

The Lord shall guide and guard our way.

Psalm xxiii.

B 2.

And, dear mother, broken-hearted

When thy sheltering arms we leave,
If, when far from thee departed,

Even *thou* should'st cease to grieve—
Still there is One who never yet,
Absent or distant, can forget.

Isaiah xlix. 15.

Fare ye well, sweet sisters! nearest

Both in kindred and in soul ;

Fare ye well, kind brothers, dearest :

Though the sea between us roll—
Yet One there is, who at our side
Closer than brother will abide.

Prov. xviii. 24.

May God save thee, isle of ocean !

Country of our birth, farewell !

Although waves in wild commotion

High around the vessel swell—

The Lord shall keep His little band
Safe in the hollow of His hand.

Psalms xciii. 3, 4.

J. L. W.

III.

**THE EMIGRANT'S LAST SUNDAY IN
ENGLAND.**

WHEN far upon the mighty deep
The Sabbath morn I see ;
My thoughts shall be where my fathers sleep
Beneath the great elm tree.

My ear shall catch the Sabbath chime
As in bright childhood's hour,
When many a kind word answered mine
Under the old church tower.

Forms, faces, each familiar scene
Shall press upon me there ;
Until my heart would break, I ween,
But for the power of prayer.

Spreading upon the ocean's breast,
My soul must turn to Thee,
Who by Thy exile and unrest,
Didst open heaven to me.

By every prayer thy church prefers
For travellers lone and wild,
Keep me, dear Lord, in Thee as her's—
O bless thy pilgrim child.

—*Emigrants' Penny Magazine.*



IV.

PEACE, BE STILL !

“ **PEACE**, peace, be still ! ” O word of power,
That, breathed across the heaving deep,
E’en in the tempest’s direst hour,
Lulled it, like sobbing babe, to sleep.

“ Peace, peace, be still ! ” Again, again,
Dear Saviour, breathe that word of balm ;
Since wilder than the stormy main,
Man’s passions crave thy soothing calm.

O breathe again that word of peace
Upon each wildly-struggling breast ;
Till all tumultuous passions cease,
Lulled, like the storm, by Thee to rest.

J. L. W.

V.

FAREWELL VISIT TO AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

GOD bless ye, pilgrim band,
And speed ye on your way!
We come to offer heart and hand,
To sing with you, and pray.

Receive us! from our hoard
We bear across the sea
The treasures of God's holy Word,—
His last best gift to thee.

Receive our parting prayer,
Our word in season keep,
Our books and work, to banish care
Across the lonely deep.

Receive us in His name
Who sent us here to bring
His holy Word, His peace proclaim,
His praise and glory, sing.

We leave ye then, to Him—
Safe in His sheltering care ;
Oh Saviour ! hear our farewell hymn,
Oh bless our parting prayer !

Grant, though we meet no more
Upon our native earth,
We all may reach Thy blessed shore,
Thy land of second birth.

J. L. W.

—*Emigrants' Penny Magazine.*



VI.

**FAREWELL HYMN OF THE PILGRIM
FATHERS.**

LAND where the bones of our fathers are sleeping !
Land where our dear ones and fond ones are
 weeping !

Land where the light of Jehovah is shining !
We leave thee lamenting, but not with repining.

Land of our fathers, in grief we forsake thee !
Land of our friends, may Jehovah protect thee !
Land of the Church, may the light shine around
 thee,
Nor darkness, nor trouble, nor sorrow confound
 thee !

God is thy God ; thou shalt walk in His brightness :

Gird thee with joy—let thy robes be of whiteness :
God is thy God ; let thy hills shout for gladness :
But ah ! we must leave thee—we leave thee in
sadness.

Dark is our path o'er the dark rolling ocean ;
Dark are our hearts, but the fire of devotion
Kindles within ; and a far distant nation
Shall learn from our lips the glad song of salvation.

Hail to the land of our toils and our sorrows !
Land of our rest ! when a few more to-morrows
Pass over our heads, we shall seek our cold pillows,
And rest in our graves far away o'er the billows.

Jesus, we pray for thy Spirit to lead us :
Jesus, we pray for thy might to succeed us :
That when thou art pleased from our toil to relieve us,
Thou wilt in thy mansions of glory receive us.

VII.

THE EMIGRANT'S APPEAL.

Oh think of us, and pray for us,
Ye happy ones at home,
Who leave ye now as emigrants
In distant lands to roam.
Our lot was cast in sorrow here,
And we must wander far ;
But He who fixed that lot for us
Will be our guiding star.
That star is shining over us,
With radiance of his light,
To chase the darkness far away,
And turn to day our night.

Oh think of us, and pray for us,
For God hath bid you so ;

The stranger's heart is desolate,
As strangers we must go ;
In perils in the wilderness,
In perils on the deep,
With friends around us sorrowing,
With hearts too full to weep ;
Yet an arm is still around us—
A Father's arm of love,
And though the clouds are overhead,
The sky is bright above.

And when on Sabbath days ye go
To God's own house of prayer,
And see your little ones around
Low bending with you there,
And raise your hearts in one accord
To God who dwells above,
And speak to all your neighbours
Kind words of peace and love ;
Oh think of us, who even then
In distant lands may be,

Perchance in sorrow desolate,
Or tossing on the sea!

Ye have God's faithful ministers
His faithful truth to tell;
Ye have His Holy Word to read,
In English homes ye dwell;
Ye walk beside the hedgerow paths
Ye knew in early time,
Ye see the faces that ye love,
And hear the village chime:
But we are in a distant land
Far o'er the deep blue wave,
In life see strangers' faces,
In death the strangers' grave.

But there is much before us
Will tell of brighter days,
Should tune our hearts mid sorrowing
To higher notes of praise.
In what is offered to us
Although in distant lands,

A way to keep our children
With labour of our hands ;
A home where poverty and want
Again shall never be ;
A home of plenty and of peace
Across the deep blue sea.

C.

—*Emigrant's Penny Magazine.*



VIII.

PRAYER OF THE EMIGRANT'S FRIEND.

**HEARKEN, Lord ! to the emigrant's prayer,
Ye breezes, oh waft it on high ;
From the deep may it rise to thine ear,
May it echo, O Lord, in the sky !**

**Hearken, Lord ! to the emigrant's prayer,
Oh comfort and strengthen his heart !
Lord, lighten his burden of care,
And teach him how gracious thou art.**

**And oh, may thy blessing and love
Rest on him where'er he shall roam,
May the light of thy countenance prove
The bright star of the emigrants' home !**

Lord ! bless Thou the work of his hand,
For without it his toil must be vain ;
May he reap the rich fruits of the land
Which he seeks o'er the blue stormy main.

Lord ! soften the pangs of the parting,
And should he see Britain no more,
'Neath the shade of thy wide-sheltering wing
May he live on the far distant shore.

Hearken, Lord ! to the emigrant's prayer,
That now swells from the tempest-tost wave ;
And where'er he may roam, be Thou near,
With Thine arm to protect him and save.

C. T. W.

—*Emigrant's Penny Magazine.*



IX.

A FAREWELL TO THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

FAREWELL to the land of my birth !

Farewell to the friends of my heart !

Farewell ! though we meet not again upon earth,

Never circle again round the dear social hearth,

Your memory ne'er shall depart.

When far distant I think of you all,

When I muse on my own native land,

When the tears of regret and affection may fall,

One hope shall my spirit and courage recall,

And my heart shall be stayed on my God.

The hope that in His blessed land,

A birth place far better than this,

We may yet meet again, and in one happy band

Encircling the throne of our Father may stand,

And dwell in the fulness of bliss.

—*Emigrants' Penny Magazine.*

X.

TOGETHER.

SISTER and friend, why starts the tear
That kindred minds, no longer near,
Perhaps no more shall mingle here
Together?

Ere bowed beneath affliction's rod,
The peaceful paths of life we trod,
And journeyed to the house of God
Together.

No separate wish our thoughts employed,
No separate care our bliss alloyed ;
Ever we sorrowed or enjoyed
Together.

Let not that gentle heart repine,
Dearer than ought beside to mine,
Should heaven no more our lot assign
Together.

What though no more our souls prepare
The various ills of life to bear,
And every transient joy to share
Together ?

We have a fairer home on high,
Dimly its bliss we here descry,
Where we shall spend eternity
Together.

We have a faithful Friend above,
A Father of unchanging love ;
Though parted, we that love shall prove
Together.

And where unbroken friendship reigns,
Nor of divided joy complains,
Shall rise our sweet angelic strains
Together.

Z.

—*Emigrants' Penny Magazine.*

XI.

**A SONG OF SORROW AND HOPE,
ADDRESSED TO EMIGRANTS.**

WHEN the fair and fresh'ning gale
Sweeps the sea and swells the sail ;
When Old England's lessening coast
In the distant haze is lost ;
And across the surging main
Gazing still—we gaze in vain—
Then remember : though the ocean
Part ye from your native land ;
Though no more with warm emotion
Ye may greet its wave-worn strand ;
Time and distance cannot sever
All the ties that bind us fast :
Brethren—countrymen—for ever,
Wheresoe'er our lot is cast.

When, beyond the wild sea foam
 We have found a second home ;
 When, with long and patient toil,
 Strong arms cleave the virgin soil ;
 And with sure and vigorous blow,
 Lay primeval forests low,
 Let this proud reflection fire ye—

What can English hearts withstand ?
 And this thought with hope inspire ye—

Such was *once* our native land !
 But she yielded : richly waving
 Shines her plains with golden grain ;
 And all toil and trial braving,
 Thus we'll conquer yet again.

Then beneath those alien skies,
 Bid another England rise.
 Let her science, wisdom, worth,
 In those distant lands of earth
 Deeply striking, kindly root,
 Teem again with precious fruit :

And the name of Christian bearing
To the heathen's world of night,
Let your heaven-taught faith appearing,
Win him to adore the light :
Think—it was the bright ascending
Of the star of truth and peace,
That, the rule of darkness ending,
Made our England all she is.

L. S.

—*Emigrants' Penny Magazine.*



XII.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Go forth, brother pilgrim ! why cling to the land
Where thine heritage is but thy birth ?
There's many a brighter and welcomer strand
On the face of this beautiful earth.

There are shores not as yet overstocked with thy
race,
Where the soil gives its increase ten fold ;
Where Eden is mirror'd on earth's smiling face,
And labour is better than gold.

Where the wild bird 's thine own, and the forest
bread fruit
Bends down in its ripeness to earth ;
Where the vine's purple clusters, the yam's juicy
root,
Unsown and untilled, spring to birth.

Go forth, brother pilgrim ! clouds gather behind ;
Would'st thou cling to a home even now
That denies thee the boon of the curse of mankind—
To live by the sweat of thy brow ?

For the mart of her labour is full to the brim,
And the pauper's an honourless slave ;
His whole span of life is but stormy and dim,
From the day of his birth to his grave.

Go forth, brother pilgrim ! thine home is not here ;
Go forth with thine household and all !
That God will protect thee in every sphere,
Who heedeth the hedge-sparrow's fall.

Oh, think of the glory thou'lt earn upon earth,
Through long generations to come—
To have raised in a land far away from thy birth,
A patriarch's name, and his home.

J. W. G.

—*Emigrants' Penny Magazine.*

XIII.

THE VOYAGER OF LIFE.

VOYAGER on life's rough sea,
Whither does thy voyage tend?
On the way thus meeting thee,
Shall I meet thee at the end?
Heaven above, and death around,
Whither, whither art thou bound?

Old times dim and distant growing,
Swiftly from thy gaze retreat;
And the shores from which thou'rt going,
Never more thine eyes shall greet:
Nothing can the past restore thee,
Know'st thou what doth lie before thee?

Know'st thou that there is a shore
Where they have no hope of pardon ;
Cursed and cursing evermore,
Weeping tears that only harden ?
Knowing all their forfeit bliss,
Oh ! canst thou be bound for this ?

Woe, then, to thy spreading sail,
Catching every favouring breath ;
Woe to thee on every gale,
Speeding thee to double death :
Ask, oh ask ! Is this thy lot ?
Heaven was never won unsought.

For there is another shore,
Where the ransom'd ever dwell,
Blessed and blessing ; evermore
Pleading Him they love so well :
Voyager, is this thy goal ?
Heaven or hell must have thy soul.

Hast thou seen the Lamb of God
Bleeding 'neath thy curse and sin?
Cleansed in His most precious blood,
Does His Spirit dwell within,
Witnessing thee God's own child,
Purchased, pardoned, reconciled?

Happy, then, in God's own care
Nought but good to thee can come;
Every weather must be fair,
Every wind shall waft thee home:
He who ruleth wind and sea,
Rules and guides them all for thee.

B. C.

—*Emigrants' Penny Magazine.*



XIV.

THE EMIGRANT'S MORNING HYMN AT SEA.

THE sun is risen again,
But few his rising greet ;
No cheerful songs of happy birds,
No stir of busy feet ;
For far and wide on either hand,
None hail him but this pilgrim band.

Lord, give us wakeful hearts,
As children of the day ;
Awake to watch and do thy will,
To labour, praise, and pray :
Slumber and dreams belong to night,
May we do all as in Thy sight.

Oh, give us lowly hearts,
Bowed by the sense of sin,—
Bowed lower by thy wondrous love,
Which makes the sinner clean !
Patient to bear with ill or wrong,
As Thou hast borne with us so long.

Oh, give us tender hearts,
To feel each other's care !
To watch and help each other's need,
Each other's burdens bear ;
Rejoicing in the lowliest place,—
The place of servitude and grace.

That thus from this lone ship
May sweeter music rise
Than ever fills the woods in spring,
Floating through sunny skies—
From hearts forgiving and forgiven,
The music that they love in heaven.

B. C.

XV.

THE EMIGRANT'S EVENING HYMN AT SEA.

THE golden and the crimson glow
Have faded from the sea ;
And all around us, and below,
Dark waves plash heavily.

But, Jesus, let thy healing ray
Upon our hearts be shed ;
Thy presence makes the darkness day,—
Be Thou about our bed.

Thy voice that whispers sin forgiven
Can bid the storm be still ;
The ocean is as calm as heaven
If such our Saviour's will.

The winds and waves thy laws must keep,
However fierce and wild,
And rock thy children safe to sleep,
As mother rocks her child.

Thus, guarded by Thy watchful eye,
Calm may our slumbers be ;
And ocean sing a lullaby
To hearts at peace with Thee.

B. C.



XVI.

ISAIAH LV.

“Ho, come unto the waters,” saith our God ;
 Drink of the living fountain’s rich supply.
 “Ho, come unto the waters,” saith our God :
 Taste, that ye may not die.

Give not your gold for that which is not bread ;
 Or toil for that which satisfieth not.
 Drink of the saving waters—drink,
 And live for ever ! live !

Come, ye that thirst, and ye shall thirst no more ;
 Draw from the never-failing fount with joy ;
 Buy without money, without price,
 The draught which ne’er shall cloy.

Come, for "my mercies are for ever sure ;"

Boundless My love, My bounty infinite.

Drink of the milk of My pure Word—

The vine that knows no blight.

So, as ye pass through this world's wilderness,

The rose shall blossom, and the myrtle spring ;

The mountain shall break forth and sing,

And all the dreary waste be turn'd to bliss.

C. W.



XVII.

"THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S."

(PSALM XXIV. 1.)

**"THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,"
Tho' the heathen may rage, and the infidel scoff;
He weigheth the mountains, He girdeth the sea,
And counteth the sand-grains how many they be:
The world in its greatness revealed to His sight
Is but as a mote in the bosom of light.**

**"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,"
Tho' the heathen may rage, and the infidel scoff.
The tears of the exile He wipeth away;
Our pillar by night, and our covert by day.
Reliant, submissive. Oh! God of all grace!
"Lift up on Thy servants the light of Thy face."**

“The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof,”
 Tho’ the heathen may rage, and the infidel scoff.
 Wherever we labour, this thought will be dear—
 The God of our fathers abides with us here ;
 He giveth abundance, and blesseth the wild,
 Till it blossom and bud, to the emigrant child.

“The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof,”
 Tho’ the heathen may rage, and the infidel scoff.
 The faith we have learned in the homes of our youth,
 We will hand down to others, the heir-loom of
 truth ;
 And where pagan worship defiles the green sod,
 “Tell it out to the heathen, the Lord He is God.”

C. H.

—*Emigrants’ Penny Magazine.*



XVIII.

THE EMIGRANT'S HOPE.

I.

LAUNCHED on life's tempestuous sea,
Upward, Lord, we turn to Thee ;
Strangers from our father-land,
Trav'lers to a foreign strand.
Lo, we crave Thy guardian care ;
Humbly seek Thy love to share.

II.

When from England's shores we roam,
Resting in some distant home ;
Still shall England's isle be dear—
England ne'er forgotten here.
Blest the land that gave us birth !
Blest o'er every clime of earth !

III.

England, Ireland, rise to view ;
Scotland, in her glory, too !
Riches, dearer far than gold ;
Mines, whose worth can ne'er be told ;
England's exiles yet may share :
Sacred treasures with them bear.

IV.

Taught to know the Word of God—
Warned to tread the narrow road—
May we walk as pilgrims here,
Serve the Lord with holy fear,
Till, our earthly wand'rings o'er,
We repose on Canaan's shore.

S. W.

XIX.

THE EMIGRANT'S REFUGE.

WHAT though it be a distant land,
Where God appoints thy future lot!
He guides thee with unerring hand,
And whispers, "Fear thou not."

Isaiah xli. 10.

Tho' called to part from those ye love,
And no kind, friendly heart seems nigh,
Bethink thee who is still above,
And whispers, "It is I!"

Isaiah xliii. 2.

When borne upon the troubled wave,
Thy spirit sinks with thought of ill,
Remember who hath power to save,
And whispers, "Peace, be still!"

Mark iv. 39.

And should temptation's subtle power
Entice thy careless soul astray,
Heed well the voice in that dark hour,
Which bids thee "Watch and pray!"
Matt. xxvi. 41.

So when thy life's long journey's past,
In joy ye reach the welcome shore,
Be thine to hear His voice at last
Bid thee "Rest evermore!"
Rev. xiv. 13.
C. C. C.



XX.

THE EMIGRANT'S ENCOURAGEMENT.

(HEBREWS XII. 6.)

SUBJECTS of a Father's scourging,
Pilgrims thro' a desert land,
Soon, from time's dark flood emerging,
We on Heaven's bright shore shall stand.

With so fair a prospect near us,
With this glorious land in sight ;
With so blest a hope to cheer us,
Every burden should be light.

Give us, Lord, this sweet assurance,
Gladly to Thy will we bend ;
Easy then the soul's endurance
Of whate'er Thy hand may send.

Be it joy or tribulation,
Prosperous or an adverse lot ;
Bright or dark the dispensation,
All is with pure mercy fraught.

Come, then, health, or pining sickness,
Joyous times, or times of grief ;
All is passing with such swiftness,
Days, and months, and years, so brief.

Far, then, anxious care be from us,
Ill it suits the child of God ;
Let us ever trust His promise,
Let us kiss the chastening rod.

S. R. M.

—*Emigrants' Penny Magazine.*



XXI.

THE SEASONS OF DIFFICULTY.

Tune—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

WE'RE told that ravens sow not,
That lilies do not spin;
Yet anxious care they know not,
Rebuking man herein.

Can ravens tell the story,
That God the raven feeds?
And lilies boast of glory,
That regal pomp exceeds?

Doth God thus ravens care for,
And lilies thus array?
Then say, believer, wherefore
To anxious fears give way?

Why all this care and sorrow,
Deep seated on thy brow ?

Why antedate to-morrow,
And bear its burdens now ?

Our God, who is Omniscient,
Doth all our need espy ;
Our God, who's All-sufficient,
Will all that need supply.

Here, on the bread of Heaven
Our famished spirits feed ;
And shall not bread be given
To meet the body's need ?

The precious Blood that bought us,
To sin and Satan sold ;
The love and grace which sought us,
While wanderers from the fold ;

These chide our fears—yea, rather
Our utmost trust demand ;
Assure us that our Father
Will take our case in hand.

Away forebodings, from us
All anxious thought away!
We have our Father's promise
"Strength shall be as our day."
S. R. M.



XXII.

COMFORT IN PRAYER.

Am I oppressed by anxious care?
Comfort I seek and find in prayer.
Am I by rude unkindness stung?
Or slander's sharp, envenom'd tongue?
Whatever be the source of grief,
Prayer never fails to give relief;
Each trouble drives my soul to pray,
And prayer each trouble drives away.

Prayer is th' unburthening of the soul,
The simple act whereby I roll
Each trial, trouble, cross, and care,
On shoulders able all to bear.
The aching head, the heart oppress'd,
Prayer places on a Father's breast;
However heavy be the load,
In prayer I cast it all on God.

Tho' weaker than the weakest foe,
In prayer I lay the strongest low ;
What tho' I fight 'gainst fearful odds ?
The battle is not mine, but God's.
I stand upon the battle-field ;
God, as my buckler and my shield,
Not only strengthens me, but He
Himself becomes my panoply !

Mountains of sin may intervene,
Corruption's torrent roll between
My soul and a sin-hating God,
And threaten to stop up the road ;
But Jesus makes the passage clear,
I have no obstacle to fear ;
Christ is my " New and living Way."
Take courage, then, my soul, and pray !

S. R. M.

XXIII.

THE GOLD FINDER.

"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord
of Hosts."—HAGGAI II. 8.

I **CROSSED** the sea in search of gold,
Success my efforts crowned ;
And now within my hand I hold
The treasures I have found.

But, doubtful lest another share
The fruit of all my labour,
I grasp them with a miser's care,
Suspicious of my neighbour.

Thus with my wealth rise anxious fears,
As thorns surround the rose ;
Yet there's a glance at home, that cheers
My heart, and brings repose ;

For there I learnt in early youth,
Though sadly since neglected,
The preciousness of Bible truth,
By multitudes rejected.

The love of money in the heart
Has caused my soul to stray ;
Yet, God, once more Thy aid impart,
And bring me back, I pray !

The gold and silver all art Thine—
Gifts from beneath, above ;
But one I crave—oh be it mine—
The Saviour's dying love !

In penitence I seek Thy face ;
And now, before Thy throne,
Henceforth resolved to live thro' grace,
To Thee, my God, alone !

J. H. T.

XXIV.

"OH, FEAR YE NOT."

OH, fear ye not, altho' ye've left your home,
Your happy land, in other lands to roam ;
Yet fear ye not, your God is with you still,
His arm, untiring, guarding you from ill ;
His might to strengthen, and His love to cheer ;
Then, ye of little faith, oh wherefore do ye fear ?

Your God is with you on the distant strand,
And in the far-off Australasian land ;
His love and power are ever nigh to bless,
'Mid the vast forest or lone wilderness ;
In Afric's sunny clime will watch o'er ye,
And 'mid the distant islands of the deep-blue
sea.

Then fear ye not ; His whole fair earth is bright ;
 O'er all He sheds the glad returning light :
 The flowers upraising underneath your tread,
 Stars gemming the blue canopy o'erhead ;
 All earth and sky, with one glad voice, will tell
 The wide earth is the Lord's—all loved, all guarded
 well.

Yet oft, perchance, at peaceful Sabbath time,
 Ye'll miss the morning and the evening chime
 Which bade ye to the house of God repair,
 And raise your grateful hearts in earnest prayer ;
 Where ye may listen to His tale of love
 Who bore our griefs below, that we might rest above:

Then if your God shall prosper you, and bless
 With some fair portion of this world's success,
 Bethink ye of His love, and e'er ye dwell
 Within ceiled houses, of that love to tell ;
 With grateful hearts the heavenward spire upraise,
 And build a house to God—a house for prayer
 and praise.

The wide earth is the Lord's ; the time shall be
His praise shall echo o'er the rolling sea ;
The distant nations own their Maker's voice,
The distant wilderness with hope rejoice ;
One Lord, one faith, be known from shore to
shore,
And one triumphant song one Saviour shall adore.

—*Emigrants' Penny Magazine.*



XXV.

**A PARENT'S REFLECTIONS OVER A SON
AT SEA.**

O THOU, that rulest earth and sea,
In all my fears I turn to Thee.
When darkened clouds obscure the sky,
And ocean rolls its mountains high,
My anxious heart finds sweet employ
In pleading for my sailor boy.

Nor less he needs Thy shielding arm,
When ocean rests in nature's calm;
The fiercer storms that wreck the soul
Acknowledge only Thy controul:
Then, still the surge that would destroy,
And rescue my poor sailor boy.

And if, great God, I urge in vain
To meet on earth my child again,
Oh! mould this rebel heart of mine
To bend submissively to Thine;
And let me meet, in realms of joy,
The spirit of my sailor boy.

C. NEVILLE ROLFE.



XXVI.

TRUST IN JESUS.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O, Sun of Righteousness divine !
On me with beams of mercy shine ;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

When to Heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name ;
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour ! till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Councillor and Friend !
Teach me Thy precepts all Divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

When pain transfixes every part,
And languor settles at the heart ;
When on my bed, diseased, oppressed,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest,
O great Physician ! see my grief,
And grant Thy servant sweet relief.

Should poverty's consuming blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low,
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer—
Lord ! pity and supply my need,
For Thou on earth wast poor indeed !

When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies !

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labour done,
Jesus, Thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed,
And from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise.

H.



XXVII.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

SWEET to the soul the parting ray
Which ushers placid evening in,
When with the week's expiring day
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin :
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest !

Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and bus'ness cease,
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace.
O season blest ! O moments given
To turn the vagrant thoughts to Heaven !

What though involved in shades of night
The loveliest forms of nature fade ?
Yet, 'midst the gloom, shall heavenly light
With joy the Christian's heart pervade.
O thou great source of light Divine,
With beams celestial gladden mine.

Oft as the hallowed hour shall come,
O raise my thoughts from earthly things;
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On living faith's immortal wings ;
Till the last gleam of light decay
In one eternal Sabbath Day !

E. P. M.



XXVIII.

THE EMIGRANT'S SABBATH HYMN.

'Twas sweet at home, when Sabbath bell
Called to the house of God ;
Sweet with long-parted friends to dwell,
And tread the path they trod.

And now, although no joyful chime
Assembles us for prayer ;
Though dwellers in a distant clime,
Yet God is every where.

We have His Word, His Throne of grace,
His day of holy rest ;
Nor can that be a lonely place
That's by His presence blest.

Then, dear ones, let us gather round
The footstool of His love :
This forest hut is holy ground,
If hallowed from above.

Or, let us take our summer seat
Beneath yon spreading tree ;
Our Lord Himself will deign to meet
His gathered " two or three."

And whilst the prayer of faith ascends
With early morning's light,
And songs of praise as sweetly blend
With the soft breeze of night;

A brighter ray our souls shall bless,
A holier influence move;
Thy beams, O Sun of Righteousness !
Thy breath, O Holy Dove !

J. L. W.

XXIX.

WHY COME YE HERE?

WHY come ye here, a wandering band,
Across the wild waves foam?
We've left our friends and native land
To seek a distant home;
To dig the mine, and plough the ground,
Where gold and plenty doth abound.

And have ye found your daily bread?
Doth God your labour bless?
Hath He for you a table spread
Here in the wilderness?
He hath. Our flocks feed on the plain;
Our vallies smile with golden grain.

And have ye, from the plenteous store,
So bountifully poured,
Remembered those ye loved before,
And shared your golden hoard?
Alas! amid our happier lot
Their wants have been too oft forgot!

And whilst ye reap the black man's ground,
What portion have ye given
To the poor, famished natives round,
Of the best bread of Heaven?
Again we own how little heed
We've taken of their urgent need.

But we repent. Lord, give us grace
Our negligence to feel
Towards this poor, benighted race,
And their eternal weal;
That we no longer swell the amount
Of talents lost, for which we must account.

J. L. W.

XXX.

"WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY."

ST. JOHN IX. 4.

"WORK while 'tis day:" the night is nigh,
 When thou canst work no more ;
For fast the precious moments fly—
The Judge is at the door.

James v. 9.

"Work while 'tis day"—"the shining hour
Improve." Behold, O man !
Thou art a frail and fading flower,
Thy life a narrow span !

Psalm ciii. 15.

"Work while 'tis day:" do all thou dost
With zeal unto the Lord ;
His favour crave, His mercy trust,
And He shall bless thy hoard.

Col. iii. 23.

“Work while ’tis day :” to sow the seed
 And cultivate the soil ;
 Nor labour for thyself alone,
 But for thy neighbour toil.

Rom. xv. 2.

“Work while ’tis day :” where’er thy land,
 Be one of Christ’s own flock.
 Oh, build not on the shifting sand,
 But on the living rock.

Matt. vii. 24, 25.

“Work while ’tis day :” thine hours employ ;
 For Heaven provide thy store :
 So shalt thou then lie down in joy,
 When time shall be no more.

Matt. xxv. 26.

C. T. W.

—*Emigrants’ Penny Magazine.*

XXXI.

[The two following Hymns are the genuine, though juvenile, productions of an interesting girl, in her fourteenth year, who, to the great affliction of her parents and relatives, was drowned in the Torrens, very shortly after settling in their new home.]

ON LEAVING THE VESSEL,

*And arriving at the Land of our Adoption, South Australia,
Sept. 21, 1838.*

FAREWELL to the wild, raging waves of the ocean;
Farewell to the blue sea, all glittering with foam.
Oh! may we adore Him, in heartfelt devotion,
Who has guarded us safe from a far-distant home.

His heavenly arm He in mercy extended,
And bade the dark waves of the ocean "be still:"
The tempest He hushed, and the storms that would
rend us
Were calmed in obedience to His holy will.

Though skilful the Captain who steered our frail
vessel ;

Though he well knew the dangers and storms
of the sea ;

Yet 'twas Thou, in Thy kindness, who stilled the
deep waters,

And taught us to place our dependence on Thee !

How great was Thy goodness in thus watching
o'er us !

May we always put faith in Thy judgment so
wise !

And though grief may o'erwhelm us, and trouble
assail us,

Let us be of good cheer, since we've God for
our guide.

And when the dark voyage of our life is concluded,
O'er the waves of temptation our frail bark's
been tossed,

How sweet when we think that we soon shall be
landed

On the shore that we've sought, and have found
it at last.

XXXII.

THOUGHTS ON MY NATIVE LAND.

THERE is a land across the sea,
Much dearer far than this to me ;
And tho' thro' foreign climes I roam,
That land's my country and my home.

For there I spent my earliest years,
My happy childhood, free from cares ;
But now I've crossed the ocean's foam,
I fear I've lost my native home.

Then let me seek a land to gain,
Free from all sorrow, free from pain ;
And then, how cheering when I own
That I have found a Heavenly home !

XXXIII.

ON CROSSING THE SEA.

I GAZED on the ocean—'twas tranquil and calm ;
And I thought of the Christian, who leans on the
arm

Of the Saviour, his Pilot, to keep him from harm,
As he sails o'er the watery deep.

Though the billows may roar, and the tempest
assail ;

Though raging the wind, and though boisterous
the gale ;

He trusts to a Pilot, whose word cannot fail
When *He* bids the commotion to cease.

Though the lightnings may flash, though the
thunders may roll,

Till with terror they almost o'erwhelm his tried
soul,

He but seeks more intently the heavenly goal,
Where a haven of peace he will find.

Thus he fears not the dangers that threaten his
way ;

He heeds not the perils that tempt him to stray,
Nor the phantoms of pleasure, that fade in a day ;
For his pleasures *for ever* will last.

The charms of the world can no longer allure
The tempest-tossed Christian : his safety is *sure*,
While his anchor is fixed on a Rock so secure
As his Saviour's unchangeable love.

Thus he learns the rude shocks of affliction to
bear,
Whilst by faith he discovers those regions so fair,
That the storms of temptation can ne'er enter there,
Nor the winds of adversity blow.

The breezes celestial that hasten his flight
From the regions of death to the bright realms of
light,
He fears not—but now rather hails with delight,
As they waft him still nearer his rest.

Thus, with God for his Captain, his Pilot, his
Guide,

He never can want, for "*the Lord* will provide,"
And bring him still nearer, by each flowing tide,
To the haven where Christians are blest.

A. J. N.



XXXIV.

S U N R I S E.*Tune*—"Jubilate."

MORNING'S rosy light is glancing,
Clouds and darkness flee away ;
And the ocean billow, dancing,
Heaves and sparkles in its ray.

Jubilate, &c.

Let us, too, awake from slumber ;
Let us, too, our chorus raise ;
And for mercies, without number,
Lift our heart and voice in praise.

Hallelujah. Amen.

See, from burnished waves of ocean,
Bright the glorious sun arise !
Nature all in light and motion
Pours her morning sacrifice.

Let us, then, for safe protection,
'Mid the dangers of the night,
Render thanks, and ask protection
Through the coming hours of light.
Hallelujah. Amen.
J. L. W.



XXXV.

SUNSET.

SEE! the setting sun is gleaming
O'er the curling waves afar ;
And, in softer lustre beaming,
Rises now the evening star.
Thou, whose sun knows no declining,
Thou, whose mercy ne'er doth sleep,
Still, amid the darkness shining,
Guide and guard us o'er the deep!
Hallelujah. Amen.

Lord, another day is ended,
And we wearied sink to rest ;
By Thy sov'reign love defended,
By Thy ceaseless mercy blest—

Yet, ere we retire to slumber,
Let us Thy forgiveness ask
For omissions, without number,
In our day-appointed task.

Hallelujah. Amen.

Let us all, Thy love adoring,
In one joyful chorus raise
Grateful hearts and voices, pouring
Loud Hosannas to Thy praise.
Heavenly Father, do Thou hear us !
Holy Spirit, shed Thy light !
Saviour, do Thou guide and cheer us
Through the darkness of the night !

J. L. W.



XXXVI.

SAILORS' SONG ON HEAVING ANCHOR.

LEND a hand, boys—lend a hand !
Our anchor we must weigh :
Come, lend a willing hand, boys—
The tide brooks no delay !
Pull readily, pull steadily,
Pull with a willing mind ;
And raise a cheer for those most dear,
Whom we love and leave behind.

Pull away, boys—pull away !
The wind is fresh and fair.
Tho' we leave our native home, boys,
We find one everywhere.
Then, pull away, without delay,
With ready heart and hand !
Trust to His love, who sits above,
To guard both sea and land.

His voice is in the gale, boys ;
His foot is on the deep ;
His hand will guide the helm, boys ;
His eye the night-watch keep.
Come—a long pull, a strong pull,
A pull all together !
Look to our Guide, whate'er betide,
Of calm or stormy weather.

And now, God save the Queen, boys !
God save our native land !
And grant us soon again, boys !
To anchor on her strand.
Then readily, and steadily,
Let's work with hand and heart,
Till we see once more our native shore,
And those from whom we part.

J. L. W.



XXXVII.

FUNERAL HYMN FOR A CHRISTIAN AT SEA.

.... We therefore commit his body to the deep.—*Burial
Service at Sea.*

WHY should we shrink, dear friends, to lay

Our { brother }
 { sister } in the wave ?

The *body* can alone decay ;

'Tis not the *Spirit's* grave.

Safe anchored from the storm of life,

Beneath the Saviour's Cross,

He feels no more the tempest's strife,

Heeds not the wild wave's toss.

Dear brother, though we now resign

Thy body to the deep,

No stone to mark the holy shrine,

No yew-tree o'er it sweep ;

Thy memory still we shall retain,
 Thy early loss deplore;
 And strive that blissful land to gain,
 Where thou art gone before.

Then, fare thee well!—we may not stay
 O'er thy salt tomb to mourn;
 Our ship is on her watery way,
 To reach her distant bourne.
 But though in that far land *we* sleep,
 Within the church-yard gloom,
 And *thou*, beneath the heaving deep,
 Art laid in ocean tomb;

At the last day of solemn dread,
 When all yield back their trust,
 The sea gives up his living dead,
 And earth her breathing dust;
 Brother beloved! we then shall meet:
 Again the theme prolong
 Of Jesus' praise, in accents sweet,
 And everlasting song.

J. L. W.

XXXVIII.

"THE LAND! THE LAND!"

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING ON ARRIVAL.

Time—Evening Hymn, or, Old Hundredth.

WHAT welcome sound salutes our ears?
What speck across the main appears?
Rejoice! rejoice! ye pilgrim band;
The pilot shouts, "The land! the land!"

Oh, echo back the joyful voice;
Break into singing, and rejoice;
Let bounding heart, and grasping hand,
Announce to all, "The land! the land!"

Yes, the long pilgrimage is done;
The peril past, the land is won.
Then let us thank the Gracious Hand
Which brings us safe to land! to land!

And, Christian friends, tho' here below
O'er separate paths we each one go,
We shall, ere long, on fairer strand,
Together hail "The land! the land!"

Then once more here your voices raise;
Together sing, give thanks and praise:
Commit to God's most gracious hand
Your way; and then "To land! to land!"

J. L. W.



XXXIX.

**"AS THY DAYS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH
BE."**

(DEUT. XXXIII. 25.)

THOU art seeking a home, that as yet does not
know thee ;

But in leaving the land which thy footsteps
have trod,

The fire shall not burn, nor the waters o'erflow
thee,

If thou trust, for thy guidance and safety, in
God.

We are all of us pilgrims: with labour and sorrow,
Some this way, some that, on our journey we're
bound :

The tents pitched to-day may be furled up to-
morrow ;

'Tis the portion of life to be changing our
ground.

E'en with those who stay longest, the scene's ever
shifting ;

Their wealth flies away, or their friends round
them fall ;

And faint hearts would sink—but a Hand, still
uplifting

The blue morning sky, holds out comfort to all.

Let this be thy solace, should tear-drops be
starting,

Or the deep sigh of memory steal from thy
breast ;

That, united or severed, remaining or parting,

We are travellers, desiring a haven of rest.

Then go forth to the region which opens before
thee ;

Be virtuous and true, tho' the foolish deride ;

And be sure, tho' distress for a moment come o'er
thee,

For the good of His people the Lord will provide.

There is wool for the weaving, and grain for the grinding ;

Use thy talent, and verily thou shalt be fed :
But at home and abroad this condition is binding,
"In the sweat of thy face thou shalt gather thy bread."

Some may fancy that beautiful fruits are but waiting

The mere touch of a hand, from their branches to roll :

Great success comes more slowly, and needs the abating

These arrogant longings, this pride of the soul.

Here and there the struck earth may uncover its treasure,

And disclose to the finder its bright veins of ore ;
But to labour in earnest, and live within measure,
Is the wealth of the Emigrant's basket and store.

I have seen a poor workman, from slender beginnings,

Own at last the snug cot which his prudence
had planned ;

Whilst the rich and the proud, losing more than
their winnings,

Grew so poor as to part with their houses and
land.

Hasten not to be wealthy : the gold that is
brightest

Is the product of hard, honest industry, sent
For our raiment and food ; but the dullest and
lightest

Is the coin which o'erpasseth the rule of content.

When thy home is prepared, find a place for God's
dwelling ;

Whither masters and households may duly be
brought,

Their petitions to offer, His praise to be telling,
In the words which the Church of their fathers
hath taught.

And remember the time, which is now past re-
turning,

When, in joy and in sorrow, thy Teacher was
nigh ;

And the church-bell oft summoned the flock to
be learning

How a Christian should live, and a Christian
should die.

Be thy treasure above ; soon the journey 'll be
over ;

The redeemed shall inherit their Canaan of
bliss ;

And the faithful in Christ, for His sake, shall
discover

In that world the delights unimagined in this.

T. B. M.



XL.

"SO RUN THAT YE MAY OBTAIN."

A PEOPLE of pilgrims and strangers,
We haste to the home of our rest :
Our way is encompassed with dangers,
And an enemy dwells in our breast.
Then on, in close ranks, brothers, onwards ;
We press through the enemy's land ;
The eye of our Captain is on us,
And the crown and the palm in His hand !

The desert is barren and dreary,
But its pools are oft watered from Heaven ;
And often we faint, and are weary,
But strength for the day shall be given.
Then, onwards—tho' faint, yet pursuing ;
Not the feeblest his portion shall lose ;
And we know every step of our journey :
Is the wisest the wisest could choose.

We know tribulations await us,
But we know there are blessings in store ;
And no thankless complaint shall escape us,
For our Master has borne them before.
Then on, brothers—true to our standard,
No discord our bands must divide ;
And we'll faithfully cling to each other,
And tenderly succour the tried.

Strong and fierce are the foes that surround us,
And our numbers are feeble and few ;
But we'll gird our whole armour around us,
And struggle courageously through.
Then, onwards—our triumph is certain,
For He has arisen who died ;
The hosts of the blest are before us,
And the Conqueror fights on our side.

B. C.



XLI.

**"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR
GOOD."**

I SEEK not, Lord, to know
How Thou hast fixed my lot ;
Enough for me Thou knowest all,
Although I know it not.

Though I could mark each step,
And every winding see,
Am I so wise that I could choose
More wisely, Lord, than Thee ?

Or could I trace my way
With tend'rer love and care,
Than Thou, who spar'dst Thyself no pain
Thy flock from ill to spare ?

Then lead me where Thou wilt—
Thy will is always best—
And be my life whate'er it may,
There's peace upon Thy breast!

Since, in my darkest hour,
Jesus, Thy love is mine,
How can the brightest Thou canst give
With sweeter radiance shine?

B. C.



XLII.

"'TIS I, BE NOT AFRAID."

TOSSED with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What gentle accents greet mine ear—

“ 'Tis I, be not afraid !”

'Tis I, who washed thy spirit white ;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight ;
'Tis I, thy Lord—thy life, thy light ;
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid !”

These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee ;
That storm has all been spent on Me :
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid !”

Mine arms are underneath thy head,
Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
My blessing is around thee shed :

“ 'Tis I, be not afraid ! ”

When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet—

“ 'Tis I, be not afraid ! ”

From out the dazzling majesty,
Gently He'll lay His hand on thee,
Whispering, “ Beloved, lov'st thou me ?
“ 'Twas not in vain I died for thee.

“ 'Tis I, be not afraid ! ”

B. C.



XLIII.

EMIGRANT'S EVENING HYMN.

THOU, who dwell'st in Heaven above,
We come to Thee ;
Asking Thy blessing and Thy love,
We bow the knee.

Amid the desert, wild and rude,
Thou still canst hear ;
And from the forest solitude
Wilt answer prayer.

Now the bright day is hushed and o'er ;
We are alone,
Exiles upon a foreign shore,
Away from home.

But Thou canst make the desert bloom,
E'en as the rose ;
Then guard us thro' the midnight gloom,
Father, from foes.

Thro' all the long and silent night,
Keep us from ill ;
And when returns the morrow's light,
O guard us still !

May Thy directing, guiding power,
Keep us in peace,
Thro' sorrow's and thro' danger's hour,
Till life shall cease.

Then, Father, now in mercy hear,
We come to Thee ;
Asking Thy blessing on our prayer,
We bow the knee.

—*Emigrants' Penny Magazine.*

XLIV.

"THE FATHER OF THE FATHERLESS."

Ours be the title, "Fatherless,"
Tho' sadly falls it on the ear,
And brings back many a mournful train
Of memories still dear;
Yet deep, within the meaning of the name,
Dwells many a sacred favour,
Many a holy claim!

More holy than a mother's tear,
Which for her dying infant flows;
More sacred than a father's prayer,
The privilege this name bestows;
E'en His paternal care, who loves to bless
The border of the widow
And the fatherless!

It is not till our trembling lips
 Have tasted separation's cup,
 Not till our earthly stay forsakes,
 That God our Father takes us up ;
 A Heavenly Parentage to us extend,
 Whose power no limit knows,
 Whose Father's love no end !

The Parent's beaming eye of love,
 And guiding Hand, so long our trust—
 His Heart, o'erflowing sympathy—
 All, all must mingle with the dust,
 E'er we can learn to turn our gaze above,
 To seek a firmer stay—
 A never-dying love !

And Heaven, to our dim eye of faith,
 Seems to look nearer and more bright,
 As the glad resting-place of those
 Bound in our hearts, tho' lost to sight !
 Blest bond of union 'twixt our God and man !
 Which claims *His* guardian eye,
 Our wand'ring steps to scan !
 C. C. C.

XLV.

[The following Hymns are taken from the "Christian Calendar"—which appeared in the "Weekly Visitor," in the year 1852—in order to complete the number in the present little volume.]

**"THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD PASSETH
AWAY."**

PILGRIM, if in life's early bloom
Thy glad feet tread the upland lawn,
Where the young hawthorn breathes perfume,
And dew-drops gem her pointed thorn—
Oh, think, amid the gladsome ray
Of dawning life, "this, too, shall pass away!"

If, onward through the noontide glow,
Bright summer flowers around thee spring,
Earth's luscious fruits profusely grow,
And birds as prodigally sing;
Then pause upon thy sunny way—
Pause and reflect—"this, too, shall pass away!"

If evening shadows deepen round
The autumn path, in day's decline ;
Though yet a few pale flowers are found,
And ling'ring beams athwart it shine ;
Trust not the transient quivering ray
Of earth-born light—"this, too, shall pass away!"

But if, amid the dark'ning night
And gath'ring storms of wint'ry age,
Wave upon wave thy soul affright—
Tempest on tempest round thee rage—
Then lift thine eye from earth, and say
With hopeful trust, "this, too, shall pass away!"



XLVI.

AWAKE, awake, ye careless ones!
Ye slumberers, arise!
Why, formed to soar on seraph's wing,
Will ye not seek the skies?

Life is an earnest, solemn thing;
It is to act and think;
Not sport around the yawning grave,
Or slumber on its brink.

Life is a journey—forward, then,
Upwards and onwards press—
O'er rough and smooth, it matters not,
Garden or wilderness.

Life is a voyage—spread the sail,
Ply well the labouring oar;
And, trusting to the guiding star,
Stretch for the distant shore!

Life is a warfare—raise the Cross,
And take your fearless stand ;
Salvation's helmet on your brow,
The Spirit's sword in hand !

Life is a race—gird well your loins,
Each quivering sinew strain ;
And, panting for the victor's goal,
The victor's prize obtain !—

That fadeless Crown, bought by His blood,
Who bore life's load for ye ;
The desert, tempest, battle, strife,
The Cross, and agony !

Then, shame upon ye, slothful ones !
Rouse from your guilty sleep—
And furnished with a seraph's wing,
No longer basely creep !

XLVII.

THE "BLESSED."

Who are the blessed? Human nature cries.
The powerful, the proud—the Lord replies ;
Inheritors of Heaven's eternal rest,
The *pure in Spirit* are the truly blest.

Who are the happy? Ask you this of man;
He tells you, those who pass life's narrow span
In earth's delights—but holier voice
Bids *those that mourn* and are despised, rejoice!

Who shall inherit earth? Blind man declares,
Those who of earth's poor treasures are the heirs—
The Saviour saith, the *meek*, the *pure of heart*,
Shall of both worlds possess the better part.

Who are the satisfied? Those, men esteem,
Who deepest drink of pleasure's passing stream—
But Jesus promises those souls to bless,
Who *thirst and hunger after righteousness*.

Who are the noble? Judged by mortal sight,
The conquerors of the earth, the men of might—
But title, far above all earthly fame,
God doth *the peacemakers* His children name.

Rejoice, ye humble—break forth into praise!
Ye scorned and reviled, your voices raise!
Yours is the heritage of heavenly love;
Peace, passing understanding here, and bliss above.

O Saviour! grant us, then, the grace to see
And to obey these truths as taught by Thee;
With patient diligence our Cross to bear,
And Thy Beatitude in Heaven with Thee to share!

XLVIII.

(JAMES I. 5.)

TASTELESS the cup of earthly pleasure,
Pointless the shaft of worldly scorn;
Be mine Heaven's rich, unfading treasure,
The joys that angels' state adorn.

Be mine, on earth, the lowly mind
That best beseems a sinful soul;
The broken heart, that pants to find
The grace it needs to make it whole.

Be mine the Hope that never dies,
But brightest beams beyond the grave;
Thence in fruition soon to rise,
And all enjoy that wish can crave.

Be mine the Peace, whilst here I live,
That pleasure's votaries never see,
Nor earth can either take or give—
The peace which springs, my God, from Thee!

Be mine the all-enduring Faith
That spurns each lure of time and sense,
And deems the crown of martyr's death
The highest, holiest recompense.

Be mine the Spirit's promised aid,
Each doubt to check, each fear dispel;
The grace to combat, undismayed,
The powers combined of earth and hell.

And, oh! be mine a Saviour's love,
To crown each other gift bestowed;
And when I seek His rest above,
“Present me faultless” to my God.

T. G.

THE END.



